

# Good 251 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## ROOTIN' AND TOOTIN'—HERE'S THE GANG—A.B. ALBERT FISHWICK

After ploughing our way through hordes of merry, inquisitive children, we eventually reached the living-room of your home, 30 Primrose St., Chorley, Lancs. A.B. S.T. Albert Fishwick. And a good percentage of the children were your brothers.

As we stood, talking to your mother, we were mobbed right and left by the cowboy-Indian enthusiasts, each brandishing some murderous-looking weapon at us.

Young six-year-old Harry had a vivid blue-painted wooden gun, which in spite of the fact that it came from Santa Claus, was put to the most up-to-date uses.

Stanley, now nine years old, had a very real-looking pistol, which was tucked in his belt in the true Western fashion. The rest of the "gang" had toys equally as fearsome and lifelike, and all were flourishing them with the greatest sincerity.

Your sister Irene and her friend Marion Sweeney are allowed to join in the games



occasionally as a great favour, but only then as squaws. Their dignity doesn't stand for much of this, so away to the fields, where they can play "house" in peace, without tormenting sarcasm from the boys.

We have a spot of news for you, Albert! Do you remember Alec Hoggden? He has been discharged from the Army on medical grounds, after having an injury to his leg.

Your mother, Mrs. Mary Fishwick, has finished going to her war work down at the flour mill.

It was too heavy for her, and did not give her enough time to look after those brothers of yours. We wouldn't mind betting that they take a lot of looking after.

One and all send their love to you, accompanied by many good wishes for the New Year. Good Hunting!



IS Newcombe's  
Short odd—But true

Thugs were worshippers of the Goddess Kali, who strangled their victims, as a sacrifice to the goddess, and divided the victims' goods among themselves and the priests.

Assassins were a murderous sect living near Mount Lebanon, who seriously opposed the Crusaders. The name is supposed to be derived from hashish, dope to which they were strongly addicted.

If you counted the stars at the rate of one a second, you'd take 17,500 years to count all we can see, even by telescopes.

There is one bridge which spans the Atlantic. This is Clachan Bridge, near Oban, which joins the mainland with the Isle of Seil. Under it flows a strip of water which forms part of the Atlantic.

Paris toughs got their name of apache from a tribe of North American Indians.

The spider has four pairs of legs, and his body is divided into two main parts. He is therefore not an insect, which has three pairs of legs and three divisions of body. He has an order all to himself—Arachnida.

The mygale spiders, which have an overall length of seven inches, kill and eat small birds and animals.

An aeroplane seven miles up over England would enable the crew to see the whole of the country in a single bird's eye view, and also the curvature of the earth.

Lictors in ancient Roman courts carried a fasces, that is, an axe bound up in a quantity of rods, as a mark of their authority. Hence Mussolini's Fascism and the Fascist symbol, for Fascism was created "to oppose Bolshevism and Anarchy."

# ALL FRENCH WOMEN LOVED THIS BLACK PICCANINNY

FRENCHWOMEN, to satisfy the craze for setting the fashion of the moment, have done some queer things in the past, and no doubt they have, for the most part, been harmless.

About forty years ago, one of these, to outshine her sisters who had brought back jungle denizens to adopt as pets to accompany them on their walks down the boulevards, returned from a holiday trip to Senegal, the French African possession, with a small, pot-bellied piccaninny.

Presumably Madame enjoyed to the full the stir she must have caused when taking the air with her newly acquired pet. Tame leopards, lizards and other unusual pets were all too commonplace. She scored a hit.

It may have been a mercy that she never lived to see the full fruits of her craving to arouse the envy of her sex among the fashion-leaders of the moment.

This coal-black jungle baby, born at St. Louis, Senegal, was christened Louis Phal. When his "owner" died he did all sorts of menial jobs for a living.

He was engaged as a dishwasher in a Marseilles restaurant when he was "discovered" by M. Hellers. I must tell you that M. Hellers was a manager of French boxers.

I knew him as one of the pioneers of French boxing. He was a good manager, but somehow or other his rivals generally beat him in the race for getting the top-liners.

### THE MISSING LINK.

Hellers meant to get hold of a fighter who would hit the headlines and rake in the francs. He, too, had searched the jungles. Not to find a pet. His idea was to find suitable fighting material. He knew what he wanted.

He told me that he had set out to find one that was half-ape and half-man, but he returned empty-handed. What he had travelled vast distances to find was to be had for the asking almost on his doorstep. Louis Phal, the dish-washer, filled his requirements in full measure. It is not unusual for bright ideas to finish up as dull headaches. My friend Hellers never realised what a series of almost everlasting headaches he was storing up for himself when he persuaded Louis Phal to sign on the dotted line and thenceforth take the name of Battling Siki.

Paris may in time forget the German occupation, with all its attendant evils, its organised looting, mass murders and unrefined torture, but it is never likely to forget Battling Siki.

Hellers had his wish. His twentieth-century specimen of primeval man hit the headlines as no other fighter had ever done.

It would be inaccurate to say that M. Hellers taught Siki to box. Nobody taught him, and he never learned much more than the mere rudiments of boxing. He was just a fighter, and even at that nothing worth talking about. Then how did he achieve so much notoriety? you may ask.

It was his behaviour outside the ring rather than what he accomplished inside the roped square. You see, he was never really civilised.

### A YELLOW BLACK.

He started lowly enough, and was just an ordinary boxer engaged in preliminary bouts when the 1914 war intervened. He was only 17 when the last war started.

In later years, when he had begun to outrage the properties in a Paris that gave latitude enough in this connection, one half of his critics declared that he was black outside and black all through; and the other half had it that he was



black enough on the surface, when this I.B.U. command but was yellow inside—the yellow reached them, but they may be long being much more than a well be imagined.

Among the professionals of his day he was classed as yellow, and yet he must have been a brave soldier. Between 1914 and 1919 he gained the Croix de Guerre and Legion of Honour.

Resuming his ring activities in 1920, he won and lost a number of contests against second- and third-raters, and most of these engagements were outside France. It was when he returned after winning a fight that he took to painting the town red and getting his name in the headlines.

Running parallel with Siki's almost unnoticed fights and widely publicised delinquencies were Carpentier's much-advertised cheap victories and subsequent hero-worship on the part of the populace.

Carpentier was feted as a national asset of the first importance what time he was busily packing up large quantities of good English money.

In time, French boxing enthusiasts wanted to see more of their idol than just an occasional glimpse as the band played "See the conquering hero comes" when he returned from across the Channel.

Carpentier was repeatedly asked to agree to a contest in Paris, but he usually told the promoters that there was not enough money for him in the Gay City.

Mild protests rose to murmurings of dissatisfaction, which gave place to open criticism and columns in the newspapers.

### MADE CARPENTIER THINK.

At length the French Boxing Federation called upon him to defend his titles, and he just shaped his fingers in what is now known as the Victory Sign as his answer to the Federation.

All this was spread out over a long period, and the longer it went, the more imperious Carpentier became, until the International Boxing Union issued its fiat.

This body solemnly declared that the time was ripe, and indeed over-ripe, for Carpentier to defend his title of light-heavy-weight champion of the world, and they named his challenger, Battling Siki.

It would be highly diverting to be able to print the remarks of Carpentier and his manager, Francois Descamps,

Says W. H. Millier

The "King of French boxers" regarded it as the deadliest insult he had ever been called upon to bear. It rankled and cut deep into his pride.

Trust the ever-resourceful Descamps to turn it to good advantage, or at least make the attempt.

The pair were now quite wealthy citizens of the French republic, and they had invested their money in various businesses. They owned a fishing fleet; Descamps owned a cheese box manufactory, the machines for which he had himself designed; they had other interests as well, but still there was more money to invest.

The latest venture on hand was the construction of a huge sports stadium on the outskirts of Paris. Work on this had started just before the I.B.U. lobbed its hand grenade into the Carpenter camp.

### SIKI WAS "PAP."

They would wait until the new stadium was ready, and then, as the grand opening attraction, they would themselves stage the fight with Siki.

This brain-wave restored Carpenter to the nearest he could get to good humour. He spat contemptuously as he mentioned the name Siki. "He's a push-over and he's yellow. I can knock him out in a punch if he doesn't fall over."

This and much more to the same effect was the substance of his discourse, and Descamps was delighted. Perhaps you may be delighted when I tell you what happened at the chuckle that might have been appreciated by the I.B.U.

# WANT GLASS EYES?

## (With Oomph!)

—a "special effect" of the industry that it took years of experiment to achieve. With its boxes of glass eyes, each eye a work of art, an eye studio is a pretty queer place. But clients are sometimes queerer.

There was the Scotsman who ordered a slightly bloodshot eye to avoid any "morning after" distinction with his real eye. A cartoonist wears a glass eye with a tiny Union Jack painted on the pupil. He enjoys the effect it creates upon strangers.

On the other hand, some eye-wearers are so sensitive that they also wear spectacles as camouflage. Or they have different false eyes for night and day wear.

They know that a living pupil, dilating under artificial light, can make the false eye look uneven.

Yet one man, with his own good brown eye, requested an artificial blue model.

His wife had always admired blue-eyed men!

It took no little persuasion to convince him that odd eyes wouldn't have oomph...

And how's this for secrecy? One man kept his glass eye secret from his wife for 25 years. She never suspected the artificiality.

Glass-eye manufacturers have their own view of the world.

Moved by children brought to their studios, they've been agitating for a ban on dangerous children's games.

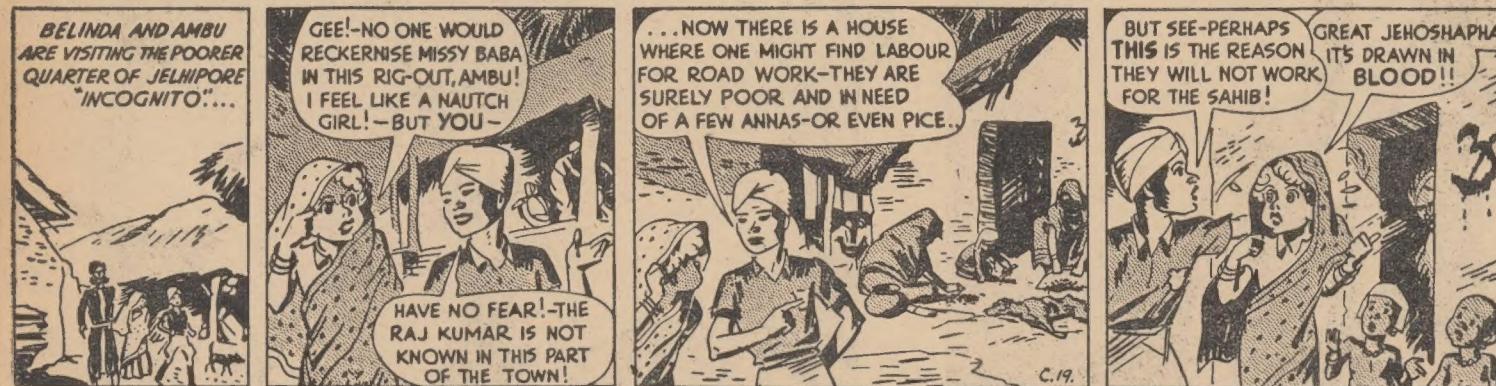
Keeping check on industry, they find that glass eyes due to factory accidents are becoming fewer.



## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## LONDON IS SINKING

By Ralph De Vere

AFTER being away from Britain for some years, don't be surprised to hear that London has sunk somewhat when you see it again!

It will take a long time to disappear, but the sober fact is that the capital of the Empire has been sinking for the past five thousand years at the rate of over an inch every five years.

This means that during the period when calculations have been made with scientific accuracy, London has sunk more than eighty feet; and it is still going strong.

This is also the maximum height to which buildings are permitted to be erected without special permission, so that it is correct to say that London has sunk enough to blot out most of the modern city.

## SINK-PRESENT.

Geologists have been working on this question for some time. They have come to the consoling conclusion that the sinking is irregular; but it is expected that the next fifty years may develop something that may startle London's ten million inhabitants.

The evidence of the sinking of London can be proved by historical data. When Cardinal Wolsey built his Bridewell Palace at Blackfriars he erected it on the foreshore of the River Thames.

It is inconceivable that he put that palace where the grounds would be flooded at high (or low) tide. The site had previously been an orchard.

Gardeners will tell you that fruit trees will not grow where there is a soil washed by tides. The mud of the Thames will not allow fruit trees to come to full fruition. But Wolsey's palace had a wharf. Where was it?

## SANK-PAST.

Workmen found it when they were laying the foundations of Unilever House. It was at least seven feet below the present high tide level. Now, it is known that the London dwellers used, in Tudor times, to stroll of an evening along their wharves.

If that wharf of Wolsey's was above high tide-as it must have been-then London Embankment had sunk at least eight feet in 400 years!

Moreover, geologists have been at work on the land where the present docks of the Thames are situated. They have found five layers of peat, and in the peat they have found layers and bits of certain trees, such as hazels, alders and willows. And each layer is covered with a layer of gravel, and then a layer of mud.

It has also been proved by these geological investigations that London has had periods, some of two centuries, when there was no sinking; then sinkings have occurred suddenly.

The latest survey shows that there is now a period of sinking in operation.

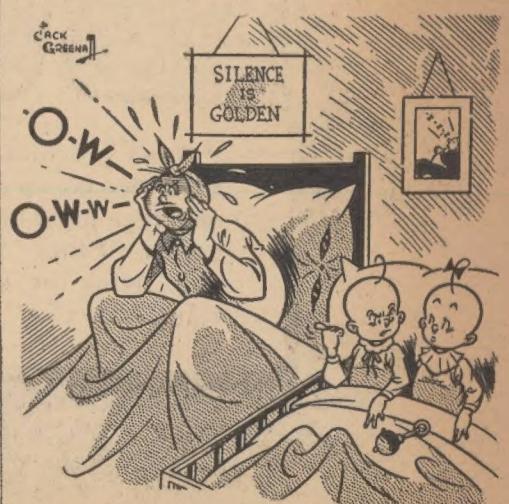
Not many years ago a high tide caused great flooding in Millbank district. Experts agreed that the Embankment could not hold the new flood of water; the then Embankment had not been raised for more than a century. This was not an abnormally high tide. So the land must have lowered.

## SUNK-FUTURE.

Here is a startling fact. It requires only a tide five feet above the present level to flood not only Millbank, but large districts in the East End, Westminster and the Mall.

With that tide running, even the gardens of Buckingham Palace would be under water, and all the riverside up to Hampton Court would be under the sea.

It is a constant fight between the architects and the tides, and one day, perhaps not so far distant, London will sink once more, and this time tragically. In the distant future she will sink for good-but nobody can say when that time will be.



"Bit thick, isn't it? After the tuss we made when our teeth kept him awake!"

# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to : "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



"I may not be eligible for the Forces, but, boy oh boy, if only I could get these hands of mine on Hitler's throat!"



## This England

A glimpse of old England. Fifteenth-century houses in the village of Lacock, Wiltshire, often described as the "most beautiful village in England."



"Good gracious, the housing shortage must be acute. Fancy a guy living in a thing like that."

"Don't be a goose, my dear, it is merely a Jack - in - the - box. A source of merriment to the human child."



OH!  
I'M  
SO  
TIRED



### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Pardon me. It's catching."

